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1916

Mine Homage

Alexander Hamilton

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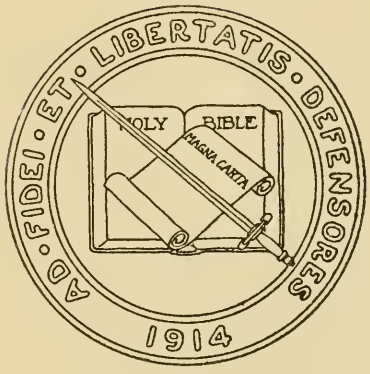

Alexander Hamilton

PS3515
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1916

By transfer
The White House.

To the Memory of

Rufus Frederick Hamilton, M. D.,

An Inheritor of the
Colonial and Revolutionary Wars,
And a Participant in the
War Between the States
and in the
Fenian Invasion;
and of

Martha Mackie

His Wife,

An Inheritor of 1715 and 1745
This Volume Is Lovingly Dedicated.

Grateful acknowledgment is due, and is here paid, to that good grey gentleman, John Macfie, my well-beloved uncle, and good and trusty friend, for his help in correcting the many faults in these compositions, and for his sympathetic suggestions. May he live long to enjoy the well-merited love of his family and his friends.

This book is sent only to those among my friends of whose sympathy I feel assured, either by reason of that friendship or because they think along the same lines that I do, and have the same views. I should deplore it greatly if this little book were to be made the cause of any controversy, in view of the critical state of feeling in our country to-day.

Alexander Hamilton,
4192 Carrollton Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS

January 8, 1916

Leo Salient

"Felbrigge of Felbrigge bore; Or, a Lion, salient, Gules"

O Britain! when the dastard shot rang out
That marked a blasted faith at fair Liege;
Had, then, the paltry urge of interest
Caused thee to falter in thy duty's line:
Had any motive of indulgence soft,
Or devious winding of diplomacy,
Kept thee from following forth thy mandate clear,
And making good thy plighted, trusted word;
Then would thy sons, in all the lands of Earth,
Have covered up their faces in their cloaks,
Nor let the name of "Briton" cross their lips,
Save in shamed whisperings, as they asked themselves,
"Where is the faith we held of old so dear?"

Thank God! no Briton, of whatever clime,
From that dear land whose noblest, bravest sons
Sailed down the bold St. Lawrence to the sea;
To island nations, 'neath the Southern Cross,
From Ind, and far Cathay, and sea-girt isles
That mark the Empire's tread, on her high mission bent,
Need bow his head in shame;
But standing boldly forth in men's regard,
Show his firm, silent faith in Britain's word.

E'en that proud, glorious daughter of thy youth,
Columbia peerless, 'neath whose sheltering arms
Lie Earth's oppressed; her counsels guided well,
By sons of Plymouth Rock, and Jamestown's isle;
Gives thee the meed of silent sympathy,
And eyes will glisten with unbidden tears,
As on the roll of honor, bright and fair,
She reads the deathless names of thy brave sons,
Who gave their lives in Freedom's holy cause.

Bless God for those proud names—
Lochiel's and Lovat's blood, and Howard's line,
And Wellesley's, Ormond's, Kemp's—
Are these not "princely breasts,"
Bared to the awful storm of shot and shell,
In this great world-compelling clash of arms?

God rest thy sons who sleep beneath the wave,
With Kempenfeldt, and all the heroes brave.
Write on thy brightest page, for future years,
"Amphion," "Crecy," "Hogue" and "Aboukir,"
Torn by the stealthy demons of the sea;
"Goodhope" and "Monmouth," lost with Cradock brave,
Who dared unequal combat, in his knightly faith.
Fit death-mates, these, for all those names revered
Wherever Britons meet to tell the tale,
Of Drake, of Shovel, Nelson, Franklin, Scott;
Of "Birkenhead's" immortal, high renown.

Shall any man in his vile, craven heart
Say that the cause that forward urges thee
Is huckster gain, is envy, greed, revenge?
Nay, Britons would not draw the sword for these.
Say rather Runnymede and Bannockburn, Namur and
Malplaquet and Waterloo
Have called to thee to draw thy sword anew
For Faith, for Freedom and for Honor true.

God speed thine arm! Draw thou not back from strife
'Til Belgium's wounds are healed;
Strike hands with gallant France,
With Belgium, land of lion-hearted men,
And with the reborn Giant of the North;
Till from the limbs of Europe's hapless folk
Are rived the chains of war!
Till o'er that land of Christians held most dear
Shall float the Cross of Christ;
Till Olive's Mount and sad Gethsemane
Shall from the bonds of alien faith be freed;
And o'er the world, rid of the nameless dread
That lurks behind the embattled nations' line,
Shall breathe the soul of Hope;
And Mother, Wife, and Home, spell, under God,
The goal towards which men strive;
Binding the wounds of those whose need is sore;
And Peace be in our hearts forevermore.

"Whence Came Her Glory"

"And gentlemen of England, now abed,
Shall hold themselves accursed they were not here;
And count their manhood cheap, when any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day."

—*King Henry V.*

The young man questions:

"Grandfather, are the tales they tell me true,
How England, in the days that now are past,
In all her wars, in lands both far and near,
With hired brands her victories hath won?
If this be true, what guerdon to this land
In all those names, that, all my youthful days,
I have been taught to honor?
What mean those tombs, my eye, my heart, my head,
Hath homage given, from my boyhood up,
When 'neath Westminster's fane, St. Paul's great splendid dome,
My reverent feet have strayed?
What mean those names, that deck her standards bold;
Whence came her glory?"

The old man answers:

"Nay, grandson, list not to those hateful tales,
By jealous-hearted knaves and liars spun;
Let me this one last duty pay my race,
Ere from this glorious world I draw apart.
Think not thy head dishonored as it bows
Before the graves of all those heroes great;
Be not ashamed if the unbidden tear
Starts to thine eye; 'twas thus their countrymen
Grieved o'er their hallowed graves; yet, grieving, blessed.
The sodden hind, whose view doth not o'erride
His native shire, would alien make the man
Whose speech doth, by the veriest, nicest shade,
From his depart; but men of vision true
See, in these blessed isles, a people set apart,
Though differing 'twixt East and West, 'twixt North and South,
Yet all in one, and one in all, at last.
They see the fierce, impetuous Celtic fire,
The dauntless, deep devotion of the Gael,
The moving poetry of Cymric blood,

Mixed with the slower speech and act that mark the English;
Yet these, and all of these, make up the British race.
They see these islands, severed from the main,
Beneath God's wisdom, thus to make a land,
To be the home of human liberty.
Let no one tell you that a Nelson's death,
Proud though he was to be of Irish blood,
Was any less a British loss than Drake's;
Think not that when a Campbell led the van
O'er Lucknow's leaguered walls, that Scotland's pride
Was any more than England's, or more sure.
Mark how the greatest of the land,
On that sad day when last we gazed upon
The sleeping face of that great, little man,
The well-loved Roberts, when, his body borne
Back from that epic death in war-swept France,
He passed adown the somber London streets,
Paid homage to his greatness;
Though born an Irishman, in distant Hind,
He died a Briton, greatest of his day.

"'Thou English art, and British; the greater is behind'—
Thus would our well-loved bard have measured it;
The high traditions of these sea-girt isles
Are common still to men of British blood.
And, mark you, grandson, that in all these wars
The Lion ne'er hath bowed his kingly head,
Save to a whelp of his own royal breed;
And Britons all can glory in the names
That led opposing vans of bloody strife.
When, o'er the Atlantic wide, oppression dire
Brought from the soul of Hamilton the fire that struck on Pitt's;
When the stern flint of Burke's great, fearless mind brought Henry's answering spark;
What were the names that flashed before the eye?
Washington, Marion, Gates, and Green, and Lee.
When, once again we faced a daughter's wrath,
Mark how the names that shone above them all—
Jackson, McDonough, Perry, Brown, and Scott—
Read like a British soldier's muster-call.

"Thus, when thine ear shall be attuned aright,
The rippling standards, as they whisper there,
Shall tell of Britain's glory, proudly won
On hard-fought fields in every clime of Earth,

By all her sons, in common worth and might.
God grant that from this conflict, dire and grim,
Wherein she stands embattled, by the side
Of all the knightly nations of the earth,
May come a righteous and enduring peace;
That she may greater grow, in justice true,
The lamp of liberty upholding high,
In hands of greed and lustful conquest free:
That Runnymede may o'er her councils shed
A spirit and a mood of freedom true;
And may her cause be blest, and from that day
No nation be constrained to her hurt, but resting safe,
Under the joined hands of trusted friends,
Work out her destiny to the allotted ends."

After

When the last shot of this Titanic strife
Hath sent its echoes o'er the blood-soaked plains;
When on the ears of all the hosts shall burst
The blessed bugle-call that spells a truce;
When armed millions that in battle-line
Now stand, awaiting but the sharp command
To hurl the leaden death upon the foe,
Shall on their grounded weapons stand, at rest;
When the grim war-dogs that patrol the main
Shall leashed be, within thy fortress-ports;
Then, Britain, shall thy day of trial come,
And on thy shoulders rest a burden great,
An age-long heritage of weal or woe;
And on thy slightest speech and act shall hang
The rapt attention of a waiting world.
If thou to thy great lessons be but true,
Then shall the great and small, the rich and poor,
The young and old, of high and low degree,
In all the world, rise up and call thee blest.

Go, then, ere thou shalt send thy noblest sons
To sit about the nations' council-board,
And shrive thyself within thy minster walls;
Withdraw thyself to dim and shadowed aisles,
Where sleep thy hero-dead; and counsel take.
Go pray beside the tomb of Wellington; go ask
Of Nelson and of Gordon and of Wolfe,
To guide thee in the paths of justice true.
Go seek the aid of Scotland's noblest son,
The somber-browed evangel, Livingston;
Go, crave a benison upon thy head
From Wilberforce, from Wesley, Arnold, Knox;
While o'er thy soul shall sweep, in billows grand,
The solemn chorus of thy warrior-saints,
As, chanting forth that glorious hymn that tells
Of thy sure rock of faith and trust in God,
They call upon their Lord, "in ages past,
Their help, their hope for aye."
Then, as thou kneelest in humility,
Thou shalt a "De Profundis" there intone,
And call upon thy God, "from out the deep,"
And ask that He will hear thy humble prayer.
"Not unto us, not unto us, O God,

But unto Thy great Name, shall be the praise;
Not all our navies, not our battle-line,
But Thy right hand hath brought us victory;
Had not the Lord been on our every side,
Vain were the help of man."
Then shall His answer be, as 'twas of old,
"Oh, Israel, trust in God, and He shall thee redeem."
Then to thy mighty task shalt thou repair,
Not as a warrior-queen, with prideful brow,
But as a bride unto her lord doth go,
With deathless vows upon her trembling lips.
Then shall thy counsel firmly be set forth,
Of selfish dross, of cunning interest free;
And "Duty," "Justice," "Mercy," be thy cry,
And thus the meed of love shalt thou enjoy.

Thus musing on this high, momentous theme,
I fell into a light, a dreamful sleep,
And there before my inner vision rolled,
As on an ancient tapestry 'twere spread,
The lesson Britain's past spells for to-day.
I saw the ancient British race absorb
The adventurous blood of lands across the sea,
Norseman and Saxon, Roman, Frank and Dane,
Yet still remain the rock of liberty.
I saw great Alfred's laws before me spread;
I saw the Barons as they gathered there,
Upon the sward of fateful Runnymede;
I saw them force from a reluctant King
That glorious chart of human liberty.
I saw (momentous sight) another King
Ascend a scaffold, with his blood to pay
For light-held faith, for trampling on a right.
I saw a recreant King, in panic flight,
Before a chosen Queen and King, lay down
That title that his narrow mind would crave,
To rule unquestioned, as of right divine.
I saw another King, in later years,
Called by the people to ascend a throne,
Lost by the graceless scion of a faithless house.
I visioned Hampden, Essex, Vane and Pym,
As they withstood a tyrant King's demand;
I saw a Bunyan, from his prison grim,
Send forth his epic and undying verse.
I saw a Milton, captive to a blight
That stole away his dearest, kindliest sense,
Give to a daughter's loving, helpful hand

The wondrous poetry that lives for aye.
I saw a Shakspeare, scorned by the great,
Write those immortal songs our sons shall bless.
I saw a Pitt espouse his kinsmen's call,
Though to his seeming hurt, because his soul
Could sense the strivings for a freedom true.
I saw a Wilkes, enchained and fettered, there,
For daring to assert his right to speak;
I saw men of all stations and all creeds
Give him the help of active sympathy,
Because they saw, behind this worthless man,
An issue greater than one name could span.
I saw great, splendid Burke, and gallant Fox,
Wharton and Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone grim,
Call on their fellows to assert the right,
Though easy had the path of error been.

Methought that, as I viewed these splendid sights,
A spirit came and stood beside my couch
And asked me what the wondrous vision meant.
Then, as my halting tongue would undertake
To set it forth, he bade me halt amain;
"One word," quoth he, "would sponsor stand for all,
One word would compass all the meaning there;
Speak thou that word, for it a message is,
To Britain, in this hour of trial grave."
"Freedom?" I begged. "Aye, freedom is the word,
And if in that great sign shall Britain go
To bind and heal the ravages of war,
Her cause shall blessed be, and to her knee
Not only shall her children come, but those
Who keep the lamp of liberty alight
In every land and clime."

The spirit spake, and vanished, and I woke,
And set my vision down as fittingly
As my poor wit could compass.
Be this a call or not, I do not know;
Be 't true or false, I know not, but I hold
That 'tis a vision blest; and I pray God
That Britain's statesmen may their voices raise
'Gainst bondage of the heart, or of the hand,
And strive for freedom true in every land.

Lusitania!

Woe for the gallant ship
That plowed the Western Main;
Woe for the blighted hearts
That mourn a deed of shame!

Woe for the covert sneer
That taunts our peaceful stand;
Woe for the heart-wrung tear
That mars our grieving land!

Woe for the tight-clenched lip
That checks a blasting curse;
Woe for the leashed hearts
That bitter wrath do nurse!

Woe for a nation's shame
That pays lip-faith to God;
Woe for the dear-bought fame
That reeks with women's blood!

Woe for the troubled hand
That guides our Nation's fate;
Woe for the weight of care
That hovers o'er our gate!

L'ENVOI

(*D'Enghien - 1804*)

"Think you she'll sleep forgotten
On Ireland's beauteous shore,
While o'er her torn and mangled hull
The world's sad requiems pour?

"I tell you, Nay! her name shall live
In every heart and hall,
Till all the world shall rise in might
And burst the despot's thrall!"

Canada!

Yyres. *St. Eloi.*

"They have come through tribulation
And have washed their robes in blood;
Washed them in the blood of martyrs;
Tried they were, and firm they stood."
—Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

From grey Megantic hills,
From grim Quebec's dark height,
From Montreal's proud isle,
In verdure glad bedight;

From Fraser and from Bow,
From Yukon's golden shore;
Storied Mackenzie's banks,
Mystic with Indian lore;

From fair Toronto's mound,
From golden Saskatoon,
From dark Assiniboine,
From Thames, and Dee and Doon;

Frankish and British blood,
Sons of the nations twain
Once locked in deadly strife
On Abram's fated plain;

They came in manhood's prime,
In youth, aspiring, bold,
Fervent and leal and true,
The Empire's faith to hold.

Like lions couched in spring,
They thronged Valcartier's plain;
St. Lawrence bore them down
To greet the open main.

With prayers on tight-clenched lips,
We waited, heartsick, sore,
'Til flashed the blessed news,
"They touch Old England's shore."

'Mid storied English scenes,
  Where loved traditions cling,
They pledged their faith anew
  To Empire, Home and King.

Then came the summons stern
  For which they'd waited long,
And France's sunny shores
  Heard the Canadian song.

Then shadows dark and dour
  Withdrew them from our sight,
'Til all the world gave praise
  To Ypres' glorious fight.

With deathless purpose filled,
  Firm as a living rock,
With silent, grim resolve,
  They stood the awful shock.

A glorious company
  Poised in the azure sky,
Blessed the brave vow they swore
  To do, or, failing, die;

Cartier and gay Champlain,
  Marquette and Joliet,
LaSalle, Breboeuf, Sorel,
  Montcalm and Wolfe and Grey;

Cartier, again, and Brown,
  Carleton and Cartwright, Brock,
Mackenzie and grey Sir John,
  Joly, McGhee and Scott.

Thank God! their prayers are heard,
  And on that hard-fought field
They sealed with blood the faith
  Britons will never yield:

Freedom to worship God,
  Honor to plighted word,
Help to the weak and old;
  Yea! though it call the sword.

Long may their glory shine,
Their memory live for aye,
That dyed with patriot blood,
Ypres and St. Eloi!

"O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever."—Benedicite.

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